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BY A. G. CHADWICK.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1838.

THE SHAKER BRIDAL.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

One day, in the sick chamber of Father Ephraim, who had been forty years the presiding elder over the Shaker settlement at Goshen, there was an assemblage of several of the chief men of the sect. Individuals had come from the rich establishment at Lebanon, from Canterbury, Harvard, and Alfred, and from all the other localities, where this strange people have fertilized the rugged hills of New England by their systematic industry. An elder was likewise there, who had made a pilgrimage of a thousand miles from a village of the faithful in Kentucky, to visit his spiritual kindred, the children of the sainted Mother Ann. He had partaken of the homely abundance of their tables, and quaffed the far-famed Shaker cider, and had joined in the sacred dance, every step of which is believed to alienate the enthusiast from earth, and bear him onward to heavenly purity and bliss. His brethren of the north had now courteously invited him to be present on an occasion when the concurrence of every eminent member of their community was peculiarly desirable.

The venerable Father Ephraim sat in his easy-chair, not only hoary-headed and infirm with age, but worn down by a lingering disease, which it was evident, would soon transfer his patriarchal staff to other hands. At his footstool stood a man and woman, both clad in the Shaker garb.

"My brethren," said Father Ephraim to the surrounding elders, feebly exerting himself to utter these words, "here are the son and daughter to whom I would commit the trust, of which Providence is about to lighten my heavy burden. Read their faces, I pray you, and say whether the inward movement of the spirit hath guarded my choice aright."

Accordingly, each elder looked at the two candidates with a most scrutinizing gaze. The man, whose name was Adam Colburn, had a face sun-burnt with labor in the fields, yet intelligent, thoughtful, and traced with cares enough for a whole lifetime, though he had barely reached the middle age. There was something severe in his aspect, and a rigidity throughout his person—characteristics that caused him generally to be taken for a "school-master"; which vocation, in fact, he had formerly exercised for several years. The woman, Martha Pierson, was somewhat above thirty, thin and pale, as a Shaker almost invariably is, and not entirely free from her corpse-like appearance, which the garb of the sisterhood is so well calculated to impart.

"This pair are still in the summer of their years," observed the elder from Harvard, a shrewd old man; "I would like better to see the hour frost of autumn on their heads. Meddles, also, they will be exposed to peculiar temptations, on account of the carnal desires that have heretofore subsisted between them."

"Nay, brother," said the elder from Canterbury, "the hour frost and the black frost hath done its work on brother Adam and sister Martha, even as we sometimes discern its traces in our cornfields, while they are yet green. And why should we question the wisdom of our venerable Father's purpose, although this pair in their early youth have loved one another as the world's people love? Are there not many brethren and sisters among us, who have lived long together in wedlock, yet, adopting our faith, find their hearts purified from all but spiritual affection?"

Whether or no the early loves of Adam and Martha had rendered it inexpedient that they should now preside together over a Shaker village, it was certainly most singular that such should be the final result of many warm and tender hopes. Children of neighboring families, their affection was older even than their school-days; it seemed an innate principle, interfused among all their sentiments and feelings, and not so much a distant remembrance, as connected with their whole volume of remembrance. But, just as they reached a proper age for their union, misfortunes had fallen heavily on both, and made it necessary that they should resort to personal labor for a bare subsistence. Even under these circumstances, Martha Pierson would probably have consented to unite her fate with Adam Colburn's, and, secure of the bliss of mutual love, would patiently have awaited the less important gifts of fortune. But Adam, being of a calm and cautious character, was loathe to relinquish the advantages which a single man possesses to raise himself in the world. Year after year, therefore, their marriage had been deferred. Adam Colburn had followed many vocations, had travelled far, and seen much of the world and of life. Martha had earned her bread sometimes as a sempstress, sometimes as help to a farmer's wife, sometimes as school-mistress of the village children, sometimes as nurse or watcher of the sick, thus acquiring a varied experience, the ultimate use of which she little anticipated. But nothing had gone prosperously with either of the lovers; at no subsequent moment would matrimony have been so prudent a measure, as when they had first parted, in the opening bloom of life, to seek a better fortune. Still they held fast their mutual faith. Martha might have been the wife of a man who sat among the Senators of his native State, and Adam could have won the hand, and he had unintentionally won the heart of a rich and comely widow. But neither of them desired good fortune, save to share it with the other.

At length, that calm despair, which occurs only in a strong and somewhat stubborn character, and yields to no second spring of hope, settled down on the spirit of Adam Colburn. He sought an interview with Martha, and proposed that they should join the society of Shakers. The converts of this sect are often driven within its hospitable gates by worldly misfortune, than drawn thither by worldly fanaticism, and are received without inquisition as to their motives. Martha, still, had placed her hand in that of her lover, and accompanied him to the Shaker village.

Here the natural capacity of each, cultivated and strengthened by the difficulties of their previous lives, had soon gained them an important rank in the society whose members are generally below the ordinary standard of intelligence. Their faith and feelings had, in some degree, become assimilated to those of their fellow-worshippers. Adam Colburn gradually acquired reputation, not only in the management of the temporal affairs of the society, but as a clear and efficient preacher of their doctrines. Martha was not less distinguished in the duties proper to her sex. Finally when the infirmities of Father Ephraim had admonished him to speak a successor in his patriarchal office, he thought of Adam and Martha, and proposed to renew in their persons, the primitive form of Shaker government, as established by Mother Ann. They were to be the Father and Mother of the village. The simple ceremony which would constitute them such was now to be performed.

"Son Adam, and daughter Martha," said the venerable Father Ephraim, fixing his aged eyes piercingly upon them, "If ye can conscientiously undertake this charge, speak, that the brethren may not doubt of your firmness."

"Father," replied Adam, speaking with the calmness of his character, "I came to your village a disappointed man, weary of the world, worn out with continued trouble, seeking only a security against evil fortune, as I had no hope of good. Even my wishes of worldly success were almost dead within me. I came hither as a man might come to a tomb, willing to lie down in its gloom and coldness for the sake of its peace and quiet. There was but one earthly affection in my breast, and it has grown calmer since my youth; so that I was satisfied to bring Martha to be my sister in our new abode. We are brother and sister, nor would I have it otherwise. And in this peaceful village I have found all that I hoped for—all that I desire. I will strive with my best strength for the spiritual and temporal good of our community. My conscience is not doubtful in this matter. I am ready to receive the trust."

"Thou hast spoken well, son Adam," said the Father. "God will bless thee in the office which I am about to resign."

"But our sister!" observed the elder from Harvard, "hath she not likewise a gift to declare her sentiments?"

Martha started, and moved her lips as if she would have made a formal reply to this appeal. But had she attempted it, perhaps the old recollections, the long repressed feelings of childhood, youth and womanhood, might have gushed from her heart, in words that it might have been a profanation to utter there.

"Adam has spoken," said she, hurriedly, "his sentiments are likewise mine."

But while speaking these few words, Martha grew so pale, that she looked fitter to be laid in her coffin, than to stand in the presence of Father Ephraim and the elders; she shuddered, also, as if there were something awful or terrible in her situation and destiny. It required, indeed, a more than feminine strength of nerve, to sustain the fixed observance of men so exalted and famous throughout the sect as these were. They had overcome their natural sympathy with human frailties and affections. One, when he joined the society, had brought with him his wife and children, but never, from that hour, had spoken a fond word to the former, or taken his best loved child upon his knee. Another, whose family refused to follow him, had been enabled, such was his gift of holy fortitude, to leave them to the mercy of the world. The youngest of the elders, a man of about fifty, had been bred from infancy in a Shaker village, and was said never to have clasped a woman's hand in his own, and to have no conception of a closer tie than the cold fraternal one of the sect. Old Father Ephraim was the most awful character of all. In his youth he had been a dissolute libertine, but was converted by Mother Ann herself, and had partaken of the wild fanaticism of the early Shakers. Tradition whispered, at the firesides of the village, that Mother Ann had been compelled to tear his heart with a red-hot iron, before it could be purified from earthly passions.

However that might be, poor Martha had a woman's heart, and a tender one, and it quailed within her as she looked around at those strange old men, and from them to the calm features of Adam Colburn. But perceiving that the elders eyed her doubtfully, she gasped for breath; and again spoke:

"With what strength is left me by my many troubles," said she, "I am ready to undertake this charge, and to do my best in it."

"My children, join your hands," said Father Ephraim.

They did so. The elders stood up around, and the Father freely raised himself to a more erect position, but continued sitting in his great chair.

"I have bidden you to join your hands," said he, "not in earthly affection, for ye have cast off its chains forever; but as brother and sister in spiritual love, and helpers of one another in your allotted task. Teach unto others the faith which ye have received. Open wide your gates—I deliver you the keys thereof—open them wide to all who will give up the iniquities of the world, and come hither to lead lives of purity and peace. Receive the weary ones who have known the vanity of earth—receive the little ones that they may never learn that miserable lesson. And a blessing be upon your labors; so that the time may hasten on, when the mission of Mother Ann shall have wrought its full effect,—when children shall no more be born and die, and the last survivor of mortal race, some old and weary man like me, shall see the sun go down, never more to rise on a world of sin and sorrow."

The aged Father sunk back exhausted, and the surrounding elders, with good reason, that the time was come, when the new heads of the village must enter on their patriarchal duties. In their attention to Father Ephraim, their eyes were turned from Martha Pierson, who grew paler and paler, unnoticed even by Adam Colburn. He, indeed, had withdrawn his hand from her's, and folded his arms with a sense of satisfied ambition. But paler and paler grew Martha at his side, till, like a corpse in its burial clothes, she sank down at the feet of her early lover; for, after many trials firmly borne, her heart could endure the weight of its desolate agony no longer.

Flour at Cincinnati is quoted at \$5 50 to 5 75, and wheat 85 to 90 cents.

Horrible Accident in a place of Worship.—A melancholy accident occurred a few weeks ago in the neighborhood of Swenciany, a small Russian town in the government of Wilna. A Catholic Church, situated near the town, appeared to have been a favorite resort for pious pilgrims of the neighborhood. On the day dedicated to the patron saint, an immense concourse had assembled, and most of the peasants had brought their votive offerings, chiefly consisting of the produce of their farms. A poor woman had a few bundles of flax before the altar, where it unfortunately came in contact with one of the tapers, and caught fire. In a few moments the flames were communicated to the building itself, which, like most of the churches in that country was built entirely of wood. The assembled crowd rushed to the only door, but were for some time unable to escape, as the multitude outside on the first alarm being given, attempted to rush into the building to afford assistance. Upwards of one hundred persons were burnt or trampled to death, and a much larger number seriously injured.—*Prussian Paper.*

Agrarian.—In two years, Sir, we will have a division of property in this country, and I am in favor of it.

Citizen.—Aye, indeed? How much money have you now?

Agrarian.—Only five dollars.

Citizen.—Give that poor fellow who has no shoes or hat, one half.

Agrarian.—Give him half of my hard earnings? Give him a halter. Let him work as I do.

Citizen.—Precisely so, my friend, and yet you and your party would compel the honest and industrious to divide their earnings with the idle and dissolute.—*N. Y. Star.*

MECHANICS—HEADS UP.

The time will come, we veritably believe, when the profession of a Mechanic will be as honorable as either of the now styled learned professions. We think this must be the case, from the fact that, within a few years past, certain inventions have been made by regular mechanics, which place them in the highest rank of thinking and talented men. The reason why the profession of law, medicine and divinity, have taken from time immemorial a rank above most other occupations, is that men employed in these callings have generally had the advantage of a superior education. But at the present time, a good education is not confined to a select few, but is found pervading all classes of society, and especially the mechanics, among whom may be found some of the most distinguished practical scholars of the day. It would be easy to cite examples of self-educated mechanics who have gained a reputation for scholarship that has enrolled their names among the highest upon the scroll of fame. It must therefore be admitted that the profession of a mechanic does not necessarily hinder him from becoming a well educated and distinguished man. What has been, is now and will be again. But never, we believe, was there a time when the ingenious and studious mechanic stood so good a chance of obtaining distinction as at the present day. There is an increasing demand for inventions which will facilitate labor in every department of industry and the fine arts, and it is to the mechanic we are to look for these inventions—and such inventions are every day multiplying about us. Scarcely a paper reaches us from any part of the world, that does not contain an account of some contrivance of mechanical skill which is destined to benefit society at large and confer eternal honor upon the inventor.

This country has but just entered upon the race of nations, and yet, in respect to mechanical skill, she is already far in advance of some that started hundreds of years ago. Now if this be the case, what does it show? Does it not clearly evince that our mechanics are endowed with the spirit of invention, of creation, which is the surest test of greatness and the most honorable title to fame and rank? It certainly does. And this is the light in which the greatest men of the land, men who are distinguished for their strength and reach of mind, and their multifarious acquirements, are accustomed to regard the ingenious and well informed mechanic. Be they learned judges, skillful physicians, or learned divines, they are ready to take the ingenious mechanic by the hand and introduce him to those who alone ought to constitute the true aristocracy of our country, namely those who have been instrumental, either by their minds or their hands, of conferring lasting benefits upon their fellow men. This, we say, is the disposition of the best, the wisest and the most learned men among us. What encouragement, therefore, is this to our mechanics? What an inducement for them to persevere in their calling, and endeavor so to distinguish themselves by their workmanship and inventions, as to rank with the first men of the country! To young mechanics we would say then, consider that you have a field before you in which it will be your own fault if you do not, by unremitting industry, find hidden and invaluable treasures. Consider that every moment you yourselves to your tools, you are in the way of affording upon some hint that will lead to an invention, which shall not only make your fortune, but place you high in the rank of talented and useful men. You have an advantage over the mere literary man. His whole life is too apt to be nothing but a continued round of books without deriving profit to any but himself. You, on the contrary, have time only to read such books as are of practical importance, and the knowledge you obtain from them you carry to your workshop to enable you to handle with in-

creased skill the instruments you already possess, or to invent others which your extended information shows you needed. You are constantly on the way to fortune and fame for yourselves, and immeasurable benefit to your fellow men.—Never then say to yourselves, ours is a humble calling. We can never rise to distinction. It is no such thing. You can rise. You can, by your own hands, directed by the aid of science which may be obtained from books within your reach, choose for yourselves just such a place in the temple of fame as shall satisfy your highest ambition. Just run over in your mind the long list of those men once situated as you are, who now stand first in the first rank, and all by reason of some invention or discovery made in the pursuit of their business as mechanics. Do this, and let the retrospect operate as an encouragement to yourselves. A glorious career is opening for the ingenious mechanic of this country. The way to wealth and fame is equally open before him. The genius of the mechanical arts stands but a few steps in advance, and encouragingly beckons him forward. Onward then, ye industrious lads, who have entered your names as apprentices with our skillful mechanics. Onward, we say, and let the watchword be diligence, punctuality, faithfulness to your masters, and the improvement of leisure hours in the pursuit of such books as will help you become the first of the first in your honorable occupation.

Portland Orion.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE STYE. They who like a literary spare-rib occasionally, served up in good style, well flavored with Attic salt, and other fragrant appliances, will find a dish to their taste in the subjoined Report on Swine presented at the late Cattle Show, at Worcester, Mass., by William Lincoln, Esq. We always look for wit in this gentleman's annual productions—(uniting, as one may say, the profundity of "my Lord Bacon," and eke the oily smoothness and humor of Jamie Hog)—and we think the following not a "whit" behind its predecessors. If the worthy gentlemen of the stye could but see the reflections of themselves in the mirror held up to them, they would, we are confident, perforce bristle up, "laugh and grow fat."—*National Eagle.*

The Committee on Swine, with humility, submit their annual report. It has been more than "glory enough" for them, to serve in the elevated station they have occupied. Earthly ambition may well be contented, when cheered in the discharge of his trusts, by a voice more impressive than that of the people, the still, small voice of the pig. Received by their four-footed associates with affectionate regard, the Board of Swine have nothing further to desire for themselves. But, injustice would be done to the feelings of the Trustees, and the obligations of gratitude to seventy-two inmates of the pens neglected, if they failed, in speaking of themselves, or of the race—predecessor of man's existence, to claim and to bestow, those titles of distinction, which the universal custom of New England prefixes or appends to all other names. They do, therefore, state, that the Honorable committee most respectfully waited on the *Masters Pigs*, the *Boars*, *Esquires*, the *Honorable Sows*, and their *Honors* the *Hogs*.

A vast concourse convened, this morning, of all ages and sizes, from the plump child-pig, just stepped from the cradle of infancy, to the extensive creature, entering on the gravity of swine-hood. Never, before, has the festival of the society been so honored. Whether the enlarged attendance was a token of approbation of the bright blue sky of the day, or a tribute of friendship to the judges, it becomes not them to determine.—And the great assembly there were a few individuals, who, with disturbed breathing and abstracted looks, appeared as if they had not paid their taxes, or had not specie to discharge post office bills, or had visited a bank director to solicit extension of notes over dues, or had been to law, or were coming back again, or were proprietors of eastern or western domains, or were about to draw up a report, or were candidates for office; or had been afflicted with some other of the epidemic evils, which have scourged the community. But, generally, there was an air of placid repose, as if, notwithstanding the excitement, exultation and pressure of the times, their bodies were at rest, their minds at ease, and themselves enjoying the expensive luxury of a tranquil conscience.

Lord Bacon divides human knowledge into memory, reason and imagination. Close analogy suggests the classification of the magnificent display of pork under the heads of *Boars*, *Breeding Sows*, and *Weaned Pigs*.

Boars exist every where: they used the pens of the Society freely. For the one judged to be the most perfect, offered for premium, FIVE DOLLARS were awarded to Mr. George Jones of Worcester; for the other very worthy Pig of Mr. Jonathan Bartlett, of Northborough, THREE DOLLARS were assigned.

In one of the departments there was an animated and busy scene. Twenty-two weaned pigs, from eight to twelve weeks old, exemplified the power of suction, by drawing, with unwearied diligence, through convenient apparatus of hoes the fluid of milk from the copious reservoirs of three sows of Mr. Wm. C. Clark, landlord of the U. S. Hotel. The ability to increase population was so approved, that the committee unanimously bestowed on the fruitful mother of the three infant families of industrious laborers, the first premium of FIVE DOLLARS.

Before entering on the consideration of the rewards proposed for Weaned Pigs, it has become the mournful duty of the Committee to communicate information of a most afflictive event. Stephen Salisbury, Esq. of Worcester, last evening, entered on the records, the names of four most interesting animals. One, in the full vigor of youth, just entering on the morning of life and of the day, with brilliant prospects of future usefulness, exhausted by over-exertion to

reach the pens, fell a victim to zeal and heat, and was snatched away by an untimely death. While the Committee condole with the owner of the pork, on the unhappy fate of this martyr of patriotic devotion for the cause of agriculture, they trust he will find consolation under the sadness of the bereavement, in the virtues of the survivors, and in the eulogy pronounced by the Chairman of the Committee of Manufactures. Had our departed friend been present, the first premium of six dollars would have belonged to Mr. Salisbury. But the statutes of the Society require that Pigs should be not less than four in number. The laws are sacred; they cannot be dissolved by any corroding acid of construction. It is, therefore, recommended, that instead of a premium, a gratuity of equal amount be tendered to Mr. Salisbury, with the assurance of our sincere sympathy; and that any member of the Society, who may be invited by that gentleman, do attend the funeral obsequies of his pork.

Misfortune seldom falls single: that bitter fruit is borne, like the grape in clusters. The gloom thrown over the day was deepened by another melancholy incident. An amiable Pig of Mr. George Jones arrived on the common in good health and spirits; but finding every pen filled, retired to private life, and died on his return home, as is supposed, broken hearted with grief and mortification at being excluded from a place.

Capt. John Barnard, of Worcester, deserved the second premium of four dollars: it is given to him according to the deserts of his Pigs.

When the Committee have finished the discussion of the claims of the competitors for the sums stated in the printed bills, they have scarcely commenced the examination of the merits of the noblest company of swine, that ever graced the annals of our history.

Mr. George H. White, of Worcester, exhibited a prodigious white sow, of the Bedford lineage, looking like two single creatures rolled into one. The female was elegant; all females are. Unlike the fair daughters of our race, she had no slenderness, but a boundless circumference of waist. Estimated, by the modern standard of political economy, this animal was a monster, an accumulator of fat, a monopolist of lean, an unwieldy corporation, a deposit bank of pork. The Committee might have doubted of the constitutionality of such an animal: they took a wiser course. Accustomed to resort to those gentlemen of the cabbage tribe, who in imitation of the Philosophers of Laputa, take observation of personal dimensions with a kind of quadrant to fix coats and long tailed bills, for information of external proportions, they procured men and measures from the shop of a friend of the tailor's craft. It resulted from the survey of William Brown, that the length was five feet eleven inches, and the breadth one foot ten inches, the circumference five feet eight inches, and the dead weight while alive about half of a thousand pounds. This gentleman gave his professional opinion, that ten yards of Lowell prints would be required for a fashionable gown to clothe the lady, exclusive of an equal allowance for sleeves.

From the State Lunatic Hospital, came sixteen sober hogs of great dignity of manners. The evil spirits exorcised from the walls of that noble asylum of misfortune, by the powerful spells of the mild treatment and rare medical skill of Dr. Woodward, have not been suffered to enter into the swine. They were the best conditioned and the best behaved of the whole convention. One of them had permitted his body to grow over his head, so much as almost to obliterate the chief end to quite create resemblance to a ball, and entirely to confer the capacity of motion in any direction. The Committee would willingly give a reward to the Commonwealth for her fine swine; but, as Massachusetts requires no encouragement in good works, they recommend a gratuity of two-dollars, to be paid to Mr. Ellis, the careful attendant, out of the reserved profits derived from an unclaimed premium still in the treasury.

The Pig of the Secretary, Edwin Conant, Esq. stood, but not alone. The excellent recording officer furnished an entertaining biography of the talent of pork committed to his care. The subject of the memoir he furnished was born in Worcester, on the 10th day of March 1837.—Sumptuary laws, his owner stated, had been so rigidly applied to him, that, of meat, he had but three meals in his life. Since the middle of September, he had obtained the occasional, but infrequent luxury of a boiled dish of very small potatoes and declining pumpkins. During his life he had refused to eat above half a bushel of corn, possibly because it was not offered for his acceptance. His decess may be expected about Thanksgiving time. Pence to his posterity.

George W. Richardson, Esq. of Worcester, exhibited a pig of such exquisite proportions, that it afforded unalloyed satisfaction to contemplate the prospect of the judicial profession and of pork.

Mr. Edmund F. Dixie presented an animal, long, deep, broad, and thick. He claimed no premium; the best one which could be given will be hereafter found in the rich treasures of his barrel, and the luxuries spread on his table.

There are said to be persons in the world, so unconscious of the fitness of things and the harmonies of creation, as to be insensible to the perfection and beauty of a hog. The square roundness of figure, the compact thickness of the form, the bright intelligence of the eye, the Grecian straightness or Roman curve of the nose, irresistibly command admiration. If any person would cultivate a refined and delicate taste, let him visit the styes of Mr. White, Mr. Dixie, Mr. Richardson, and the recording Secretary, and delight his senses with living models of excellence.

The Pig of Mr. Oliver Adams was no where within our jurisdiction. Great disappointment was felt at the absence of the swine of Mr. Emory Perry, Professor of Music, as, from the skill of their accomplished master, an agreeable duet or anthem might have been expected.

He who would lose an opportunity of renewing and pursuing inquiries on the subject of animal magnetism, the engrossing topic of public attention, among creatures so perfectly fitted to exhibit the wonderful phenomena of the science, must have a genius for salting sheep; the Committee have not. Strong susceptibilities were manifested by one of the fattest pigs: on being rubbed with a fragment of rail, it sunk into profound sleep. It was then powerfully magnetized with a section of rusted iron hoop; as no glowing description of distant scenery, or enigm-